JOCK

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

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THIS isn't a dog story, but, come to think of it, a little brindly mongrel cur figures pretty prominently in it. Jock never posed as a hero, and I guess he isn't one. I've seen him run from a bigger dog, yelping for dear life and curling that tail between his legs like an ostrich burying its head in the sand.

Jock simply came to me, and I tolerated him because he showed so much affection for a forlorn, homesick engineer doing duty in a distant land.

Jock and I went everywhere, slept together, ate together and tramped the country like two old outcasts. But he wasn't good for much else than a companion. He was too lazy to keep awake at night to watch out for danger and too big a coward to stand between me and another man or animal.

When I was commissioned to inspect the new docks and piers that the government was having built in Manila bay Jock and I prepared for sundry little excursions along as pretty a coast as any man laid eyes on.

On the fifth day out from Manila we reached the new government dock, where heavy supplies for the army were to be landed for shipment to the interior. This was a large wooden affair running 500 feet into the bay. The contractors had just finished their work, and the government was waiting for my final report before accepting it.

The dock was firmly built of huge piles driven into the soft mud and sand and boarded up on both sides to keep the floating debris from collecting under it. There was an entrance under the dock at the extreme end, but one could enter it only at low tide.

It was a very hot day, and after making a close examination of the dock I decided at noon to eat lunch under the cool shade of the mammoth wooden floor and then take a nap.

Jock made no objection to this unspoken proposition, but wagged his tail with intuitive appreciation of my plans. I pushed the small, flat bottomed boat which carried our day's supplies under the dock and proceeded to enjoy myself.

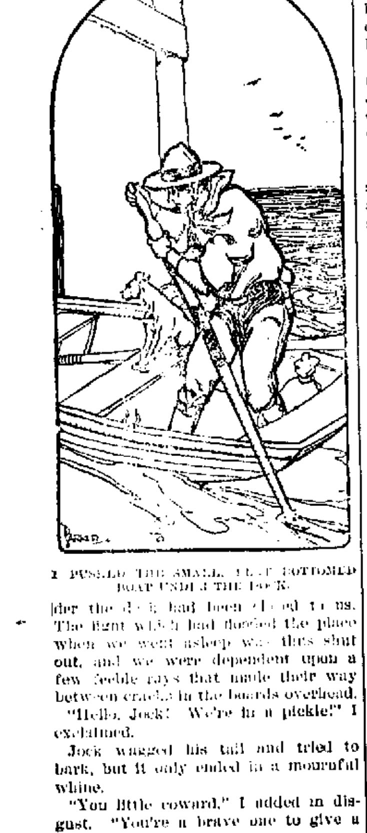
The tide was very low, and I pushed the boat halfway up the shelving shore and left it with anchor thrown over the bow. Jock ate all the dinner I could not swallow and then patiently snuggled up to my side and blinked his eyes sleepily.

The place was very conducive to slumber, and I was soon fast asleep, and Jock was no better off. We must have slept for hours. I woke with a start and found darkness around us.

For a few moments I was too puzzled to make out my position. I could not believe that night was upon us, for it had been high noon when I lay down to rest. The impression was confirmed by a few stray beams of light filtering through the roof over my head.

Jock at first sleepily wagged his tail. Then, scenting danger, he whined and sniffed the air. He, too, was beginning to feel the presence of some evil.

When full[illegible] and mental faculties [illegible] I [illegible] the danger of our situation at a glance. The tide had risen rapidly, and the entrance under the dock had been closed to us. The light which had flooded the place when we went asleep was thus shut out, and we were dependent upon a few feeble rays that made their way between cracks in the boards overhead.



I PUSHED THE SMALL FLAT BOTTOMED BOAT UNDER THE DOCK.

"Hello, Jock! We're in a pickle!" I exclaimed.

Jock wagged his tail and tried to bark, but it only ended in a mournful whine.

"You little coward," I added in disgust. "You're a brave one to give a man moral courage!"

But I had little time to devote to moralizing or lecturing. I knew that the tide frequently rose to an extreme level, and I remembered that a series of unusually high tides had been running into the bay. If the water rose up to a level with the lower floor of the dock the situation would become very serious for both of us.

Now, I'm a fresh water man, hailing from one of the inland states where a puddle of water up to the ankles is considered a lake and a stream three feet deep a river of mighty volume. Therefore, I confess with shame, I hadn't learned the gentle art of swimming.

I pushed the boat toward the end of the pier, bumping my head repeatedly against the boards overhead. There [illegible] the surface, I could see [illegible] which showed me where the outer end of our prison was located. [illegible] and swim[illegible] I could easily [illegible] and come up on the other side.

Jock looked down and wagged his tail, inviting me to dive. It was dog talk just as plain as day. I smiled with chagrin and shook my head.

I was not a kind to die easily, and while I had a few minutes of respite

THE BOAT SUDDENLY TIPPED AND ROLLEE STRAIGHT OVER.

I exhausted every possible study of the situation. I pushed around the piles and shook the boards, hoping to find one loose, but the contractors had performed their work well.

There was no use calling for help, for there was no possibility of any one being within five miles of the place. So I didn't waste much strength in that way.

There was only three feet of space between the boat and the boards overhead. At the rate the tide was rising I should have nearly an hour before the climax could be reached. I tried to console myself with the thought that I was safe. The water would force the boat up toward the roof, but by lying down in it we could wait for the turn of the tide. I took measurements and found that with six inches of space we could escape if we took care not to rock the boat.

On the other hand, if the water crept up beyond that point the boat would be swamped, and I would have no choice other than to sink like a log. Jock might swim around and eventually escape, but for me there was no escape.

The thought of such an end sent the cold shivers down my spine. It was difficult to sit there and wait for the end. I lit my pipe and tried to smoke, but my courage oozed out slowly, and twice the pipe went out. Then I put it away and took another measurement.

I turned pale with apprehension. The tide had gained a foot and a half. By aid of the dim light I looked at my watch. The time for high tide was still half an hour off.

I realized then that my fate was sealed. The water would reach to a level with the floor of the dock, and I would drown. I tried to picture the scene of the final struggle. In fancy I experienced all the sensations of death.

Jock must have been thinking of the same thing, for he suddenly grew nervous and excited. He whined and whimpered and chased up and down the boat. I tried to grab him to stifle his cries, but he avoided me and finally leaped overboard.

That splash in the water brought more alarm to me than anything else. Jock was deserting me, and, like a drowning man clinging to his support of straw, I grabbed for the dog to haul him back.

I must have leaned heavily on the side of the boat, for it suddenly tipped and rolled straight over, turning turtle so quickly that I was in the water before I could think. Fortunately I had presence of mind enough to grasp the sides. I clung to this support and gasped for breath.

I tried in vain to turn the boat over. It would have been a stupendous job in that narrow space for an expert swimmer; for me it was absolutely impossible.

The top of the boat was within a few inches of the dock overhead, and I could not climb upon it. I simply clung to it and shivered. Jock swam around and around the overturned craft, whining and begging me to leave it, but there was no alternative, and I clung desperately to the slippery bottom.

The water rose inch by inch. First the bottom of the boat bumped against the boards overhead; then it was held firmly in position, and the tide climbed higher, marking the rise on the sides.

When there was only six inches of space in which to breathe I began to lose all hope. At five inches the lapping waves frequently slapped the briny water in my mouth. I craned my head backward, forcing my mouth and nose as near the boards of the roof as possible. Jock was by my side doing the same.

But he took it less silently and calmly. He spluttered and whined and made frantic efforts to bore his nose through the obdurate boards. I was fast losing control of my muscles, for horrible fear was paralyzing my will. The frantic terror of the drowning man was taking possession of me.

The water was now filling my mouth and nostrils with every gentle undulation of the surface. I spluttered and gasped and made more frantic struggles than Jock.

My senses were deserting me when Jock suddenly slipped from my side and disappeared. My first thought was that the poor dog had succumbed and was dead. Then I concluded that he had made a strike for life and liberty at the final moment.

This impression was apparently verified a moment later. I heard Jock's bark in the distance. The sound was far away and muffled, but it seemed to come from overhead. He had escaped!

Then the impossibility of it dawned upon my mind. There had been no time for him to dive under the dock and reach the top of it. But, if not, the dog had found a place of security. His natural instinct had led him to some safe nook which I had overlooked.

This thought possessed me and brought renewed hope to my failing spirit. I would follow Jock's lead and then yield to the inevitable without a murmur.

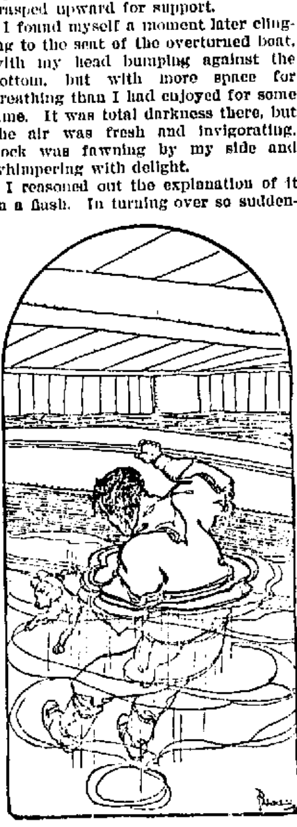
But where was Jock? That puzzled me. I tried to locate his muffled cry. It sounded so near and yet so distant!

Something impelled me to strike out under the boat with one arm, and my hand came in contact with something soft and furry. It was Jock, and had I not heard his constant and persistent bark I should have concluded he was strangling to death under the boat.

A man's wits act quickly in moments of great danger, or at least they do sometimes. Mine worked with lightning-like rapidity then. I reasoned that I could live where Jock could, and I plunged my head under the boat and grasped upward for support.

I found myself a moment later clinging to the seat of the overturned boat, with my head bumping against the bottom, but with more space for breathing than I had enjoyed for some time. It was total darkness there, but the air was fresh and invigorating. Jock was fawning by my side and whimpering with delight.

I reasoned out the explanation of it in a flash. In turning over so suddenly the boat had imprisoned a lot of air, and the rising water had held it. The bottom and sides of the boat were both air and water tight. Jock had found the place of escape either accidentally or by instinct.



I REACHED UNDER THE BOAT.

I breathed easier and found my position more comfortable. There was a good six inch space for the head, and I could rest my elbows under the seat of the boat. It was all a question now of whether there was sufficient air to support the two of us for half an hour or less. By that time, I judged, the tide would turn, and we could crawl out.

The water could not rise up higher under the boat on account of the imprisoned air, but our breathing steadily exhausted the oxygen of the latter and added to our discomfort.

My nerves grew tense and snappy, and my senses began to reel. Jock, too, ceased to bark and whine. A great slumber appeared to possess us. How long we had been there I had no way to judge, but when my head seemed ready to split I could stand it no longer. I must have fresh air!

I ducked my head under the gunwales of the boat and crawled out. There was a moment of sputtering and gasping and then a deep breath of fresh air that sent the blood tingling through my whole body.

The tide had turned, and there was space enough under the dock to live and breathe in comfort. I filled my lungs until they ceased their panting. Then, remembering Jock, I reached under the boat and hauled his nearly lifeless body up to the fresh air.

When the tide fell low enough for us to crawl upon the bottom of the boat I flung myself at full length on it and rested. Jock spread himself out by my side ready as ever to rest and sleep.

Later I examined the high level of the tide under the dock and found that the water had come up to within half an inch of the boards. No man could have lived there, and had not Jock found the fresh air under the boat neither of us would be here to testify to the truthfulness of this tale.

But Jock doesn't pose as a hero, and I'm not saying that he is one, but you must admit I owe my life to him.

Pleasant.

"Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come!" exclaimed the girl. "Father is so excited and disturbed. Do go in and calm him."

"Very well," replied George, "what's the matter with him?"

"Why—er—I just told him you wanted to marry me."

To willful men the injuries that they themselves procure must be their schooling.—Shakespeare.

It's a pleasure to tell our readers about a Cough Cure like Dr. Shoop's. For years Dr. Shoop has fought against the use of Opium, Chloroform, or other unsafe ingredients commonly found in Cough remedies. Dr. Shoop, it seems, has welcomed the Pure Food and Drug Law recently enacted, for he has worked along similar lines many years. For nearly 20 years Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure containers have had a warning printed on them against Opium and other narcotic poisons. He has thus made it possible for mothers to protect their children by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by all dealers.

UMBRELLA AND SHOES.

Their Importance In the Eyes of the Indian Native.

India is so vast that different etiquettes prevail in different districts. We have no standard etiquette, no standard dress. We have to copy European etiquette while with a European. Even a Bengalese shakes hands with a Bengalese, speaks in English for a few minutes and then breaks forth into the vernacular. We shake hands with a European on parting, but by mistake again touch the hand to the brow in a salaam, so we both shake hands, salaam and do the like, and no sane minded European ever cared for the anomaly.

The umbrella is the emblem of royalty, the sign of a rajah, so natives generally fold their umbrellas before a rajah and not before anybody else, however great. It is not a part of the dress, but a protection from the rain or sun, a necessary appendage, just like the watch and chain. You might as well ask a European to take off his waterproof coat. A cooly is not bound to fold his umbrella when a brigadier general rides past. But a menial generally closes down the umbrella on seeing his master, whom he considers his king. But no Indian, however humble, ought to fold up the umbrella, even before a magistrate, because he is neither the master of the humble passerby nor his superior officer, nor is he bound to salaam him. But if he does, no harm. In a word, natives generally fold the umbrella before a master or a superior officer and not any other citizen, however great, and this is no insult.

While going to see a native chief in his palace the native visitor or official takes off his shoes if the reception room has a farash and the rajah is sitting on his musnud. But if he is received in the drawing room, furnished after the European style, the shoes are allowed. In some states no natives can go to a rajah without a pugree. In others the pugree is taken off and tossed at the feet of a rajah.

It is ridiculous in a European (from the Hindoo point of view) to order a native to take off his shoes. This is what we ask our priest to do, so that we may touch the dust of his feet. A munshi when mildly rebuked by his sahib took off his shoes, but recounted the whole scene to his better half, saying, "Sala hamara gor ka gurda lenay mangta!" ("The brother-in-law wants the dust of my feet.")—Indian Military Gazette.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No man ever landed a particularly easy position by trying to dodge work.

Almost every man imagines he would do a lot of philanthropic stunts if he had the money.

Why is it that the people with nothing to do but sit around and visit are such dreadful bores?

Some people imagine that by being impudent they are showing others they are "as good as anybody."

When a father and son are in business the son can usually tell of a lot of mistakes his father makes.

Almost any married man can make his friends smile by saying he is perfectly free to do as he pleases.

When the carbolic acid bottle finds itself next to the cough medicine on the shelf, Death stops sharpening his scythe to lean back and be merry.—Atchison Globe.

"Checkmate."

"Checkmate!" represents "shah mat!" —"the shah is dead." "Shah," in fact, entered our language long ago via Arabic and old French, arriving in the form of "check." "Chess" is really "checks," kings, and the cry of "Check!" means your king is in danger, hence the verb and substantive "check" in all their English meanings—"check," which was originally the counterfoil of a bill that served to "check" fraud; "checkered," from the aspect of the chessboard, and "exchequer," from the checkered pattern of the tablecloth on which the king's accounts were kept with counters. All these we owe to the Persian sovereign's title.—London Chronicle.

The Bosnian Roasting Jack.

A curious variety of the old fashioned roasting jack is used by the peasants of Bosnia and Herzegovina when roasting sheep whole, as on the occasion of a wedding ceremony. One often sees near a running stream a long pole, having one end revolving freely in a socketed peg, while the other, overhanging the water, is equipped with miniature paddles. This is the Bosnian roasting jack. The sheep to be cooked is impaled on the log, a fire is lit underneath, and while the current spins the paddles and the pole merrily round the big joint is cooked literally to a turn.—Wide World Magazine.

Why She Was Pleased.

Tess—Did Mr. Borem ever call on you? Jess—Yes; he called last evening. I was quite delighted when the girl brought up his card. Tess—Oh, come now. You weren't really delighted? Jess—Certainly. You see, if she hadn't brought up his card I might have gone down to him, thinking it was some one else.—Philadelphia Press.

Suited For Something.

"Your little boy may become president some day."

"I hardly think so. Archibald is too modest and retiring."

"Oh, well, he may get to be vice president."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The largest grasshoppers are found in South America, where some specimens reach a length of five inches, with a spread of wings of ten inches.

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THE SPANISH ESCURIAL.

It Is a Marvelous Specimen of Ancient Architecture.

The Escurial, the palace of the Spanish king, an architectural marvel, formerly described as the "eighth wonder of the world," is now seldom spoken of even by those who are ready to go wild over much less pretentious structures. The cornerstone of this "Spanish St. Peter's" was laid by Philip II. in 1563, but it was 302 years (1865) before the monstrous building was pronounced finished. It was built by Philip in fulfillment of a vow to "erect the finest monastery in the world" should his forces be successful in their great battle with the French. That battle was fought at St. Quentin on Aug. 10, 1557, St. Lawrence day, and in order to honor that saint as well as to fulfill his vow the king had the foundation of his great memorial laid off in the shape of a gridiron, the implement of torture upon which the goodly Lawrence is reputed to have suffered martyrdom.

To those who have never visited the Escurial the size of the gigantic structure is beyond comprehension. It is 740 feet from north to south and 580½ feet from east to west, the square towers at each corner rising to a height of over 200 feet. Within this monstrous building are the king's palace, a cathedral, a monastery of 200 cells, two colleges, three chapter houses, three library buildings, five large halls, six dormitories, three hospitals and over 3,000 other rooms. In order to make St. Lawrence's gridiron complete, the building is built in quadrangular form, with seventeen rows or ranges of monstrous stone structures crossing each other at right angles, these forming the gridiron's ribs, the handle being a wing 470 feet in length. The church, which is a part of this vast pile of masonry, is 364 feet long, 230 feet wide, with a dome 330 feet in height. It is estimated that the building cost $50,000,000.

FAMOUS ARCHERS.

Stories of Wonderful Skill With Bow and Arrow.

The expression "drawing a long bow" does not of necessity mean the telling of a falsehood. It sometimes refers to a wonderful story, which may be true enough, but which is so marvelous as to require a firm trust in the veracity of the narrator to enable the hearer to believe it. Some of the longest bows of this sort have been drawn about bows and arrows.

These stories began long ago. Virgil in the "Æneid" tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord, and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire, and it swept on, like a meteor, to disappear in the clouds.

The stories told of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance as Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain upon a sensible person's credulity. The famous story of William Tell, doubted by many persons, is believed by others to have a foundation of fact. There was a Dane named Toke of whom the same story is told, and William of Cloudesley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his expertness.

Most stories of bows and arrows relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vigenero, tells one that shows the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow be strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Solyman, send an arrow from his bow right through a cannon ball.

Where Snow Falls.

If you are not a lover of snow, go to Malta, which is the nearest spot where you are certain of complete immunity. If you are fond of it, the suburbs of St. Petersburg will furnish all you need to ask, for there you may be sure of it for 170 days in the year. The happy medium is supplied by Copenhagen, with thirty days, while Palermo, Rome and Venice, with one, two and five days respectively, may be recommended to those who merely care for snow as a casual and fleeting guest.—London Chronicle.

His Suggestion.

"That young woman is not intelligent, amiable or even decently courteous."

"Oh, but her father is worth a million dollars."

"Then I think she should be required to display a notice to that effect."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Question.

"My wife thinks she will never find a better cook than the one we now have."

"Humph! Uh—er—say, what would you call your wife, a pessimist or an optimist?"—Cleveland Press.

Those Wicked Clubs.

Doctor (to wife whose husband is ill) —Is not your husband a hypochondriac? Wife—Oh, doctor, he doesn't belong to any society at all!—Meggendorfer Blatter.

It is better to lose all in the search for good than to be content with the worst.—Van Dyke.

Mind is the partial side of man. The heart is everything.—Rivarol.

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SKIN ERUPTIONS.

Many persons are much annoyed by prickly heat, hives, boils and other skin eruptions, often attended by painful itching and burning, and sometimes becoming obstinate and unsightly sores. Corpulent people are especially subject to these maddening infections all caused by impure blood. Scrofula, Cancer and all other skin diseases arise from an impure state of the blood.

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THE BRITISH FOURTH.

England's Equivalent of Our Independence Day.

THE LEGACY OF GUY FAWKES.

Foiled In His Attempt to Blow Up the Houses of Parliament, the Gunpowder Plot Conspirator Gave to the English Boy a Joyous Holiday.

The day in England most nearly corresponding with the American Fourth of July in its manner of celebration is Guy Fawkes day, Nov. 5, the anniversary of the attempt to blow up the British houses of parliament, king, lords and commons by Guy Fawkes in 1605. The celebration, although gradually losing its national and historical significance, is still observed as a holiday by children in many parts of the country.

For several weeks before "the Fifth" the lads scour the countryside for tree trunks and branches, boxes, barrels, anything that will burn, in fact, and they trail their finds to some old barn miles away, where they are stored in anticipation of the great day and guarded with a zeal that often leads to pretty stiff fights.

Marauders from other localities will, if not carefully watched, secretly remove the likeliest "chumps," as the logs are called, and add them to their own collections.

Between this intermittent warfare and dodging the police and owners of woodland property the younger element of Great Britain has quite a lively time during the few weeks prior to Guy Fawkes day.

The day itself is occupied until dusk in building bonfires, "cadging" coal, coke and oil and eating "parkin," a cake inseparably associated with the [illegible]. This cake is made of molasses, [illegible] oatmeal or any other coarse meal.

As soon as the first night shadow falls the fires are lighted, firecrackers begin to snap, and pyrotechnic displays of every description are in evidence in all directions.

The fun is kept up with a vim similar to our Fourth of July spirit until far into the night, when potatoes, roasted in the fires, are indulged in.

The name given to the day is somewhat misleading perhaps, and the whole credit or onus of the plot has been popularly laid upon the shoulders of Guy Fawkes, whereas he was far from being the most important of the plotters and seems to have been chosen by the chief conspirators entirely because of his superb courage and coolness.

The plan was originated by Robert Catesby, a man whose natural atmosphere was one of plots, but a man of extraordinary personal charm. The Roman Catholics had expected great things from the accession of James I. to the throne. The laws of Elizabeth were cruel and unjust toward them, and they were led by James to expect amelioration and tolerance.

Instead of this, the laws against them were enforced with renewed vigor, and the great discontent resulted in the gunpowder plot. The conspiracy was elaborately and carefully conceived, and great hardships were undergone to carry it out.

It was not until the conspirators, all gentlemen unused to physical labor, had excavated through nine feet thickness of stone wall in order to get beneath the house of commons that they found that a vault underneath the edifice was to let. The vault was taken in the name of Guy Fawkes, and the severe physical work was ended. Under cover of night thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were conveyed to the vault, and all was in readiness for the meeting of parliament on Nov. 5.

Then came the first weakening which was to end in the failure of the scheme. The conspirators could not agree upon a plan to warn the Catholic lords and members who would otherwise be blown up with the rest.

The plotters were all prominent gentlemen and had personal friends among the apparently doomed legislators. An anonymous letter was received by Lord Monteagle, one of the Catholic peers, warning him not to be present. The author of the letter is not really known, but it is commonly believed to have been Tresham, in spite of his vehement denial when accused by Catesby. At all events, this is supposed to have been the key to the discovery.

Monteagle showed the letter to Salisbury, who in turn took it to the king, and all sorts of ingenuity were exercised [illegible] Catesby [illegible] escape, though he was shot a few days later while attempting to raise an insurrection at Worcester.

Guy Fawkes, whose work it was to fire the train, was taken as he was leaving the house through which access was gained to the vault, and the rest of the plotters were either killed or captured at Dunchurch, to where they fled.

Fawkes was put to the torture, but nothing could shake his magnificent fortitude, though he was so weak from agony and sickness that he could scarcely mount the scaffold. The day (Nov. 5) was proclaimed a day of thanksgiving forever by an act of parliament, which was only repealed after 200 years.

For nearly 300 years the celebrations were carried to riotous excess. Effigies of Guy Fawkes were paraded in towns and villages all day amid shouting and singing and burned at night in huge conflagrations to the accompaniment of thousands of fireworks.—Scrap Book.

Of Course He Did.

"If I were nominated for the presidency of the United States," said Mr. Henpeck, "I would"—

"You nominated for president of the United States!" his wife interrupted. "What are you thinking of? You mean if we were nominated, don't you?"

Then he wisely changed the subject. —Chicago Record-Herald.

The Man Who Works

every day, out in the cold, rough weather—fine, snowy, blowy, rainy, can get protection that protects him against the blasts and sting of winter weather.

Winter is not a supposition, although late in coming, will be here and may stay late.

All we want to do is to impress on your mind for future reference that we have Lambs' Wool Coats, —Fur Gloves, outside and inside—and all the clothing that the outdoor man is liable to want.

Not forgetting that the man who works inside needs work clothes too—that we have.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

INSURANCE.
[illegible] Fire and Accident
written by
[illegible] F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
[illegible] reliable companies

To stop a Cold with "Preventics" is safer than to let it run and cure afterwards. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. Preventics are little toothsome candy cold cure tablets selling in 5 cent and 25 cent boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventics. They will surely check the cold, and please you. Sold by all dealers.

"Pineules" (non alcoholic) made from resin from our pine forests used for hundreds of years for bladder and kidney diseases. Medicine for thirty days $1. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Get our guarantee coupon from Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Pine Salve Carbolized, acts like a poultice; highly antiseptic, extensively used for eczema, for chapped hands and lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

An incubator and brooder for sale. Inquire of F. W. Backus, East Main St., Smethport, Pa.

Many goods at cost at store of D. C. Young to reduce stock for spring goods. Call and look over bargains.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

Nice hand picked apples at store of D. C. Young, 75c bushel.

Put His Foot In It.

On one occasion in Scotland a guest arriving rather late at a country house was quartered in the haunted room. Although professing to be a skeptic, like many others, his courage vanished with the light. Determined, however, to protect himself as well as possible, he placed a loaded revolver under his pillow and awaited events. As the clock struck midnight he saw a fleshy hand at the end of the bed, and, steadying his nerve, he addressed the visitant thus: "If you do not instantly remove your hand I shall fire without further warning." He counted three and then discharged the bullet. A howl of pain which aroused the household followed, and it was soon discovered that the successful marksman had shot away two of his own toes.—London Throne.

Punishing a Court Fool.

Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great and the Emperor Paul had rough ways with their fools. A dagger thrust would follow a poor joke and banishment [illegible] of declining wit. [illegible] the Jester of Czar Paul, [illegible] his master he was permitted to depart in peace. In the middle of [illegible], however, he was ordered at a moment's notice to prepare for banishment to Siberia, [illegible] the unhappy man pleaded. He was bundled into a dark van and driven away on his long journey. Day after day, week after week, it lasted. Upon arrival he stepped out into the presence of—the czar. All the time he had been driven not toward Siberia, but around and around St. Petersburg!

Polite Notice Boards.

At the hospital just opposite the entrance to the East India docks and the Blackwall tunnel—under the Thames—notice boards are set up asking the drivers, for the sake of those who are ill within, to walk their horses past the building. That is a common enough request, but what gives it a peculiar interest here is that the carter, having complied or not with the modest demand, is confronted at the other corner of the building by another board, saying, "Thank you, driver."—A Wanderer in London.

An Event.

"What's the matter? You look as if something extraordinary had happened."

"Something extraordinary has happened. Do you see that street sweeper—the fellow who is stirring things up?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"When he saw me coming a moment ago he stopped and didn't try to choke me with dust and germs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

97 MAIN STREET
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

[illegible]
HAIR [illegible]
Cleanses [illegible]
Promotes [illegible]
Never Fails to [illegible]
Hair to its Youth[illegible]
Cures scalp [illegible]

For suit cases and traveling [illegible] best at reasonable prices [illegible]
CHARLES LEMMLER.

Election Notice

Notice is hereby given that an election will [illegible]

The amount of the last [illegible] assessed valuation of the taxable property of said [illegible] is $75,031, the amount of existing debt is [illegible]

The amount of the proposed increase is [illegible]

The percentage of the proposed increase is [illegible]

The debt is to be increased for the purpose of enlarging the present school house or erecting a new one upon the [illegible] owned by the district [illegible] for said school district.

[illegible] YOUNG,
President.

Attest:
F. D. GALLUP,
Secretary.
[illegible] January 31, 1907.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra [illegible] for sale at a reasonable [illegible] stock [illegible]
F[illegible]
[illegible] St
Smethport, Pa.

[illegible]'s is the Place
to buy a nice sweet piece of
[illegible]
[illegible] or
[illegible] smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for [illegible] vegetables I am always headquarters.
[illegible]FY, Smethport, Pa.

Dade's Little Liver Pills thoroughly clean the system, good for lazy livers, makes clear complexions, bright eyes and happy thoughts. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Scene from the "Lion and the Mouse," Smethport Lyceum, Tuesday, Feb. 19.

STATEMENT

Showing the amount of assessed valuation of property in McKean County as returned by the Assessors of the several Townships, Wards and Boroughs, subject to State and County Tax, for the year 1907, with taxes against the same.

TOWNSHIPS, WARDS, AND BOROUGHS.	Valuation of [illegible]	Valuation of [illegible]	Valuation of [illegible]	Valuation of Horses, [illegible]	Value of cows [illegible] the age of four years	Aggregate amount of all Real Estate and personal property taxable for county purposes	Amount of tax assessed	Aggregate amount of money at interest assessed for State purposes, rate 4 mills	Aggregate amount of State tax assessed, 4 mills	Number of dogs and bitches assessed. Dogs $1.00. Bitches $3.00.	
										Dogs	Bitches
Annin Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 14	$ 20191	$ [illegible]	111	12
Bradford, 1st Ward	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	7161 20	141756	[illegible]	25	
" 2nd Ward	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
" 3rd Ward	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible] 73	[illegible] 171	[illegible] 67	43	3
" 4th Ward	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	67	
" 5th Ward	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	3307 17	64447	281 67	102	1
" 6th Ward	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	1255 48	[illegible]	27 82	88	
Bradford Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1758 17	[illegible]	155 48	100	4
Ceres Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2700 03	70758	292 08		
Corydon Township	1250	[illegible]	167736	[illegible]	[illegible]	118928	701 57	12103	62 25	101	
Eldred Borough	10125	[illegible]		[illegible]	750	214421	1297 01	5050	12 20	31	
Eldred Township	5565	[illegible]	6223	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	955 81	131702	527 17	50	5
Foster Township	25770	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1129 37	25021	116 50	60	6
Hamilton Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1991 05	102751	108 88	132	0
Hamlin Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1391 33	[illegible]	188 35		
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1531 16	20720	107 60	158	7
" " 2nd Ward	21050	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	25858	103 50	60	2
" " 3rd Ward	[illegible]	671771		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 87	[illegible]	170 40	51	5
" " 4th Ward	18115	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	100532	[illegible] 80		
Keating Township	25105	[illegible]	82780	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2047 00	[illegible]	59 46	70	12
Lafayette Township	18185	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2472 11	[illegible]	173 85	157	0
Liberty Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	16 62		
Mt. Jewett Borough	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2091 82	[illegible]	12 90	189	50
Norwich Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1107 53	[illegible]	[illegible]	56	
Otto Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	4158 46	[illegible]	67 15	85	0
Port Allegany Borough	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1282 55	91677	81 23		
Sergeant Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2758 18	253741	1102 97	36	4
Smethport Borough	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3015 11	[illegible]	18 12	72	3
Wetmore Township	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1461 56	[illegible]	[illegible]	52	5
					[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	72 11	116	
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2558	121

The above statement shows [illegible] McKean County, for the year 1907, upon property taxable by law for County and State purposes. This statement is made in accordance with the Act of July 27th, 1842, also showing [illegible] said county.

All persons interested are hereby notified that the undersigned [illegible] office, in the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, on the [illegible] February, [illegible] below. After the [illegible] appeals may be made to said Commissioners sitting as a board of Revision and Appeals.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.

Notice is hereby give that the Commissioners, sitting as a Board of Revision, will be at the places named below at the time specified for the purpose of listening to appeals from the assessment as revised and equalized.

The Assessors are expected to be in attendance at time of appeal for their respective districts.

Appeals on Military Enrollment will be held on same days at same places.

For Keating Township, March 1st; Norwich and Sergeant Townships, March 2nd, at the Court House, Smethport.

For Kane Borough, 1st and 2nd Wards, March 4th and 5th; for 3rd and 4th Wards, March 6th and 7th, at Kane.

Hamilton Township, March 8th, and Wetmore Township, March 9th, at Kane.

For Hamlin Township, March 11th, and Mt. Jewett Borough, March 12th, at Mt. Jewett.

For Lafayette Township, March 13th, at Mt. Alton.

For Bradford City, 1st and 2nd Wards, March 14th, 1st Ward a. m., 2nd Ward, p. m.; 3rd and 4th Wards, March 15th, 3rd Ward a. m., 4th Ward p. m.; 5th and 6th Wards, March 16th, 5th Ward a. m. 6th Ward p. m., at the City Building.

Bradford Township, March 18th, at City Building, Bradford.

Corydon and Foster Townships, March 19th, Corydon Township a. m., Foster Township p. m., at the City Building, Bradford.

For Eldred Borough, March 20th, at Central Hotel, Eldred.

For Eldred and Ceres Townships, March 21st, Eldred Township a. m., Ceres Township p. m., at Central Hotel, Eldred.

For Otto Township, March 22nd, at Duke House, Duke Center.

For Smethport Borough, March 23rd, at Court House, Smethport.

For Port Allegany Borough, March 25th, at Port Allegany, City Hall.

For Annin and Liberty Townships, March 26th, Annin Township a. m., Liberty Township p. m., at Port Allegany.

Given under our hands and seal of office at Smethport, Pa., this 5th day of February, 1907.

Attest:
A. B. WALKER,
Clerk.

GEO. GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
County Commissioners.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gordon & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 86 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 104.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clar[illegible]
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph.G., M.D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Benninghoff.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

DR. PIERCE
TREATS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.
100 Main St. BRADFORD, PA
Over Fischer's Grocery,

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

HOTELS.

[illegible] CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every [illegible]

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
LOCKWOOD [illegible], Prop.
[illegible], Mgr.
This hotel has been newly furnished and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: [illegible] per year, or if paid strictly in advance [illegible] per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per column per annum, payable monthly. [illegible] own position and no deviation from [illegible] rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 7, 1907

Political Announcements.

COUNTY TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. H. W. RUBIN.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce to the Republican voters of McKean county that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held the first of June next. A. F. Bannon
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Republican primaries. L. J. REZNOR.
Port Allegany, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. GEORGE PATON.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. A. B. WALKER
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 13, 1907.

NEXT Tuesday is election day. The fact that borough officers are to be elected is enough to make it compulsory that the voters should turn out en masse on that day and cast their ballot for those whom they candidly believe are best fitted to fill the places. What the borough needs is good men at its head and in order to get the best men elected the stay-at-homes must vote. Vote next Tuesday and vote only for those whom you think will do their utmost in the upbuilding of the town.

A BILL has been introduced in the House, the object of which is to authorize the county commissioners all over the State to grant to each G. A. R. post $100 to assist in defraying the Memorial Day expenses. This act applies to boroughs and townships and it is believed it will become a law. It would have a tendency to insure the observance of the day in localities that pay no attention to it now and it would also more thoroughly perpetuate it after "the boys are gone."

A. F. BANNON of Bradford announces on this page his candidacy for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Republican primaries to be held the first of June next. Mr. Bannon needs no introduction to the voters of McKean county as he has ably filled several county positions. He has held the offices of coroner, sheriff and state senator for one term each, and being a practical business man, a splendid accountant and a man of exceptional ability, trustworthy and honorable, he is well fitted for the office of county treasurer. This gentleman is a life-long Republican who enjoys the confidence of the men of that party, and is deservedly popular among the Republicans of McKean county.

AT the head of these columns will be found the announcement of L. J. Reznor of Port Allegany as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Reznor is a leading business man of Port Allegany, has been a true blue Republican for life and a worker of no small degree in the interests of that party. That section of the county in which he resides believes that it is entitled to recognition at the hands of the party and to that end they have chosen Mr. Reznor as their favorite candidate for this important office. He is thoroughly capable to fill the position and should he be the fortunate one, the voters may be assured he will conduct the affairs of the office in an honorable and creditable manner.

THE announcement of George Paton of Bradford as a candidate for County Treasurer appears in this issue. The Bradford Era says: He has been a resident of Bradford during the past 15 years and is a capable and successful business man. He has been prominently identified for some time with the affairs of the Bradford school board and is a public-spirited citizen who has many friends here and elsewhere. Mr. Paton is a Republican and has always taken much interest in the affairs of the party. For three terms he served as chairman of the Republican County Committee and in that capacity served the party faithfully and efficiently. He is recognized as a strong candidate and his friends will give him enthusiastic support.

AT the head of these columns in this issue of this paper appears the announcement of H. W. Rubin as candidate for Treasurer of McKean county subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Rubin has been a voter and prominent business man in this borough for nearly thirty years. In 1879 he opened a jewelry store in the north half of the MINER block, and one year later he erected a store on Main street and combined the clothing business with the former, and afterwards devoted his whole attention to clothing, merchant tailoring, furnishing and shoe business. He is prominent in Masonic and I. O. O. F. circles, being treasurer of both bodies for many years, and with H. M. Choate and J. H. Tait was instrumental in the building of the I. O. O. F. block which is an ornament in our town. The [illegible] formed his duties with credit to himself and the people. Mr. Rubin is a man of strict honesty and integrity, liberal in his business dealings, perfectly capable in every respect to fill the position to which he aspires, has always been an earnest worker for the party and merits a good vote at the primaries and he has many friends in Smethport and in fact all over the county who are confident that he will make an excellent run for this position.

ANOTHER announcement at the head of these columns to-day is that of A. B. Walker, the present efficient clerk to the county commissioners, who is a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules of the Republican primaries. "Ash" Walker is well known to the majority of the voters of McKean county, having been a resident of Bradford for many years and one of the prominent oil men of that city. Besides his business interests Mr. Walker has found time to enter politics and at one time he was sheriff of the county and fulfilled the duties of that office in a faithful and consistent manner. Two years ago last January he was appointed clerk to the county commissioners in which office he is still officiating. He is a courteous and obliging gentleman and has many friends throughout the county who will hope for his success.

AT the election next Tuesday the voters of this borough will be asked to vote for or against an increased indebtedness, amounting to $8,000. This increase is asked for by the board of education owing to the fact that the schools are crowded and more room is needed. Should the board get the assent of the electors to increase the indebtedness an addition to the present school building will be built or a new building erected. To those who have the interest of the borough and its schools at heart the increase asked for will be given, and well it should be. If we are to give the rising generation the education that is their due the people must stand by the board of education who are elected by them, and who must be given the support of all. Think this matter over carefully and when you go to the polls next Tuesday vote for the proposed increase.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb 9, 1907.

Senator Beveridge was bitter in his comments this week on the House Committee on Judiciary which returned his anti-child labor bill to the Appropriation Committee of the House with an adverse report saying it was a matter in which the federal government could not properly interfere. In speaking of the report of the committee Senator Beveridge said:

"It is absurd as a matter of law. It deliberately ignores the decision of the Supreme Court, like the famous lottery decision; ignores the existence of a dozen similar existing laws such as the meat law, the pure food law, or the law prohibiting interstate commerce in insects, and numerous similar laws; completely ignores the fact that the power of Congress over interstate commerce is the same as the power over foreign commerce, which has been held to be a fact by the Supreme Court of the United States more than a dozen times. The report ignores the existing law prohibiting the importation of convict made goods which the Supreme Court authorizes this country to bar from interstate commerce. The report of the Committee from a legal standpoint is absurd and inexcusable, but it has a still worse effect. If reform bills can be killed by referring them to a small committee of men then there is an end to the whole reform movement. Such matters should be brought to the floor of the House and be put to a record vote. As the case now stands a committee or a sub-committee creates itself a small supreme court inside of Congress and allows Senators and Representatives to hide behind it and refrain from voting on any measure of reform or other measure against which they dare not go on record. I consider the precedent established the most dangerous of present years."

It appears from Senator Raynez's speech last week and the resolution which he has now introduced into Congress calling for a reversal of the President's decision in the Schley court of inquiry case that the whole of the unprofitable and unsavory Schley-Sampson controversy is to be re-opened and perhaps kept before the public for another term of months if not years. It will be recollected that the President in passing upon the findings of the Schley court of inquiry held that Admiral Schley had been guilty of grave technical errors during the fight against Cervera's fleet at Santiago and that the battle, as a matter of fact, was a Captain's fight and could not properly be credited to the direction of either Schley or Sampson as a fleet commander. This decision while it naturally created hostile comment on both sides while the controversy was still hot was in reality about as fair as could be rendered under the circumstances. The battle at Santiago was a Captain's fight if ever there was in naval history. Admiral Sampson was not on the ground during any part of the active engagement and Admiral Schley while he may have been nominally in command could not be said to have had any more part in the eventual destructions of the Spanish fleet than had any other ship commander in the squadron. There was undoubtedly much bitter hostility against Admiral Schley by the other naval officers on the south side of Cuba. He was blamed by his enemies for many [illegible] that he did not do. Admiral Sampson while a fine tactician was a cold and distant man who had not the power of personal magnetism in the same degree as his rival and despite his coldness and taciturnity he undoubtedly died of a broken heart as the result of the controversy. The public is tired of the whole affair and it will be with great regret that the real friends of the navy will see the controversy re-opened at all.

Nothing has been definitely decided about the contract for the construction of the Panama Canal. Chairman Shonts of the Isthmian Canal Commission returned to Washington this week and expressed himself as thoroughly in favor of digging the canal by contract. He also expressed surprise that Chief Engineer Stevens who heretofore had been an advocate of the contract method should have come out in an interview announcing that he would resign from his position unless the construction was undertaken by the Canal Commission itself. The whole matter has been put off for a fortnight while the War Department and the Canal Commission investigate the financial standing of the Oliver combination of bidders and compare their bid with that of McArthur Gillespie people. Back of the whole matter is a fierce fight for the canal contract, in which some of the biggest financial interests of the country are engaged. Immense pressure has been brought to bear on the War Department to prevent awarding the contract to Oliver and his associates. Partially, no doubt, because Thomas Ryan of New York is largely back of the scheme, although not openly interested in it. On the other hand similar efforts have been made in favor of the McArthur Gillespie Company, the friends of that organization realizing that 12½% profit on a nearly $200,000,000 job is a government plum worth trying for. The whole controversy may explode into a bad scandal before a decision is reached, and there are sure to be charges and countercharges of favoritism and improper influence, no matter how the contract may be awarded. It is possible, after all, that less heart burning and jealousy would be engendered if the Commission did the work itself and if it can estimate the cost as closely as it is supposed to be able to do, there seems no practical reason why it should not do the work and save the government whatever percentage on the profit would otherwise be paid to a contractor.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1907,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the south line Amm street, one hundred twelve and five-tenths (112.5) feet west of southwest corner of Amm and Florence streets; thence southerly parallel with said Florence street, one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence westerly parallel with said Amm street, thirty-one and twenty-five hundredths (31.25) feet; thence northerly one hundred (100) feet to south line of Amm street; thence easterly along said south line of Amm street, thirty-one and twenty-five one hundredths (31.25) feet to the place of beginning. Being west half (½) Lot No. 135 and east three-quarters (¾) lot No. 137 on Map of Bayne Amm and Kennedy's land as surveyed by George T. Keith, surveyor, June, A. D. 1878. Being the same lot of land as that conveyed by S. G. Bayne et al. to Lindley L. Barrett by deed bearing date the seventeenth day of February A. D. 1881 and recorded in Recorder's office of McKean county, in Deed Book Vol. 9, page 8, &c. Subject however to all reservations, conditions, restrictions, &c., contained in the above described deed from S. G. Bayne et al. to Lindley L. Barrett.

Improved and having thereon one, one and a half story frame dwelling house with usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Joseph Snakard at the suit of F. Hamilton, now for use of C. S. Morrison. Mullin & Mullin, plaintiff's attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit:—Being known as lot number eighty-two (82) of the Whitney and Wheeler East Side building lots, as per map and survey of L. Gorton, 1887 and 1880, said map being now on file in the Recorder's office in Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book 23, page 89, &c. Together with and including so much of Slocum Road marked on said map as crosses said lot 82, making all together a lot of land fifty (50) feet wide by one hundred (100) feet deep. Being the same lot of land conveyed to Levi Berlin by C. E. Judd and wife by deed dated March 18th, 1903, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean county at Smethport in Deed Book Vol. 124, page 498, &c.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame building used as a dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Levi Berlin at the suit of The Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association of Bradford, Pa.

C. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1907.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 4, October Term, 1906

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie M. Slingerland did, on the 4th of June, 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Eugene D. Slingerland.

We therefore command you, the said Eugene D. Slingerland, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Nellie M. Slingerland and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie M. Slingerland, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1907.
J. R. Haughney, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 95, October Term, 1906.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Frank Carpenter did, on the 18th day of July 1906, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Fannie Carpenter.

We therefore command you, the said Fannie Carpenter that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Frank Carpenter and show cause, if any you have, why the said Frank Carpenter, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Wanted!

10,000 lbs. Rags at 1c per lb.

ALSO—Old Rubbers, Old Copper Boilers, Old Iron, Lead, Zinc, Old Rope and Bones for the highest cash prices.

Also wanted Hides and Furs of all kinds at the well known junk dealer's, I. Odesser, East Smethport. Second hand furniture bought and sold. Bargains in

TINWARE GLASSWARE
CROCKERY.

Save your rags. My agent, Murray Petteys, or myself will call.

Patronize Home Trade

I. ODESSER,
East Smethport - Penn'a.

DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.

Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolute-pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

Oh! What a Chance!

A slaughter of Winter Suits and Overcoats. The greatest clothing sacrifice of our lives beginning

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8,
and continuing until
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

You Can't Afford to Miss It.

Men's $20.00 Overcoats going at $14.50.
" $16.00 " " " $10.50.
" $12.50 " " " $ 8.00.
" $10.00 " " " $ 6.50.
Men's $20.00 Suits going at $14.50.
" $15.00 " " " $ 9.00.
" $12.00 " " " $ 8.50.
" $10.00 " " " $ 6.50.

Great reduction in boys suits and overcoats.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

THE MONTHLY STYLE BOOK FREE.

January Clearance Sale

In this I offer all broken lines and odd lots, remaining from my fall and winter business, at cost. All goods sold for cash.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

January 1, 1907.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring,

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

VALENTINES

Large Display

at

H. C. WELLS.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 111, October Term, 1906.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Gella Pettis did, on the 28th of July, 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Willis Pettis.

We therefore command you, the said Willis Pettis that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February 1907, to answer the petition or libel of Gella Pettis and show cause, if any you have, why the said Gella Pettis your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1907.
[illegible], Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 145, October Term, 1906,

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mira Huston did, on the 8th day of August 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William Huston.

We therefore command you, the said William Huston, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Mira Huston and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mira Huston, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1907.
[illegible], Libellant's Attorney.

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa.

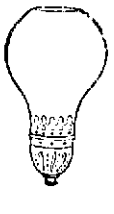
Our Annual February White Sale will be the attraction next week.

It will pay you to visit us during this SALE.

A Circular will be left at your door.

The Lindholm Co.

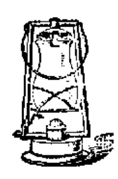
A Few Special Prices for Friday and Saturday.



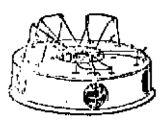
A Weisnach Light complete for

25c

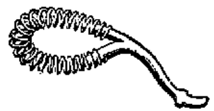
This light consists of burner, mantle and globe.



A 75c lantern No. 2, very special at 59c



Chocker Mouse Traps that sell for 10c. Our price 7c



Stove lid lifters 7c

A first class $2.00 razor for 99c

H. H. REDFIELD

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Lent.

—Valentine day.

—Society is taking a vacation.

—Basket ball at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—Be sure and read the new ad for The Lindholm Co.

—Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman is confined to her home with illness.

—The annual Catholic fair will be held during the first week of April.

—Don't fail to see "The Lion and the Mouse" at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Colegrove and Miss Mayme Colegrove are confined to the house with grip.

—Miss Bertha Eilingsfeldt pleasantly entertained the Lakewood Club last Friday afternoon.

—L. K. Hogarth is advertising a cigar sale in his space this week which should interest all smokers.

—Jury Commissioner A. M. Marsh is seriously ill with pneumonia at his home in Bradford township.

—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke will conduct services at Johnsonburg next Sunday morning and at St. Marys in the afternoon.

—The Epworth League will hold a Valentine social this evening in the M. E. chapel, an admission of 15 cents will be charged.

—Mrs. D. L. Forsythe entertained about twenty ladies with a thimble party at her home on East Main street Tuesday afternoon.

—New White Goods is the subject of a new advertisement for Fry & Comes this week. The stock is complete and the prices will please.

—Mr. Pietro Natello and Miss Mary Lee, both of Smethport, were married by Justice Hugh Cobb at Olean on Tuesday. They will reside in this place.

—"The Blackthorn," a pleasing comedy drama, was produced by a strong company at the Lyceum last evening to a small but appreciative audience.

—The L. O. T. M. will hold an open installation at their lodge rooms this afternoon. Miss Nellie E. Lounsbury of Warren, great record keeper, will install the new officers.

—Charles Anderson, who lives at the corner of King and Franklin streets, had the misfortune to fall on Tuesday and receive a compound fracture of the leg. Dr. Chadwick was called and reduced the fracture.

—Lindholm & Swanson, the icemen, have placed about 800 tons of 12-inch ice in their ice house. It is said to be the finest quality of ice ever harvested by them.

—The Burke-McCann Co. will be at the Lyceum in the near future. This company made a decided hit on their previous visit and will probably draw big houses upon their return.

—Mrs. Daniel Bacon and children expect to go to DuBois Saturday where they will join Mr. Bacon and make their future home. The well wishes of the entire community will follow them.

—The recent advance in the price of print paper has led many publishers in this vicinity to increase the subscription price of their newspapers. Others will have to do so too if the price continues to advance.

—About thirty couples of young folks enjoyed a dance at the hose house last Thursday evening. The music was furnished by Acre's orchestra of four pieces and an excellent supper was served at the Commercial Hotel.

—L. K. Hogarth has taken the agency of the National Cigar Co. and has installed a complete line of their cigars. This week he received a cigar show case which is a beauty. It is made almost entirely of glass and sets on a marble base.

—While alighting from a street car in Buffalo last Friday A. R. ("Ike") Simons of Bradford was thrown to the pavement by the sudden starting of the car. He sustained a painful injury to the base of the spine and a sprained wrist.

—The supper and dance given by the Smethport Hose Co. at the hose house Tuesday evening was largely attended. Everybody enjoyed the hospitality of the firemen and the latter realized over $50, which will be used to purchase new fire fighting apparatus.

—About 25 workmen who were employed in the Bradford flint bottle factory, recently destroyed by fire, have obtained employment in the Haines bottle factory of this place. Owing to the increased business this factory is now operating a day and night crew.

—A new swindler is traveling through the country, selling barbed wire fence stretcher machines. The salesman leaves the machine and four rods of good fence for trial, requiring the farmer to sign for the return for the stretcher. The farmer signs for $8 and invariably it turns out to be $800, says an exchange

—Henry Lockwood, proprietor of the Roosevelt Cafe at Olean, was tried last Wednesday on the charge of refusing to serve a negro, Frank Peterson, in his restaurant. He was found not guilty by the jury. Lockwood said he refused to serve the negro because he was afraid it would hurt his business. The jury was out [illegible]

—Here is some "hot stuff" from the Belfast Blaze: Chas. Allen was running his phonograph so hard yesterday that while a record of "Hot Time" was being reeled off the house caught fire about the stove pipe. A bucket of water and a handful of snow stopped any further damage.

—All who wanted to buy Hole-proof hosiery last week and couldn't get any—they being sold so quickly—are herewith informed that Monheimer received another shipment of this guaranteed hosiery and can now supply any size that may be called for, either for men's or ladies' wear.

—Charles Ruple, aged 15 years, of Bradford, died at the Morganza reform school Saturday of pneumonia. In company with two other boys he attempted to escape from the school and to avoid capture he hid under a house for two nights and contracted the disease which resulted in his death.

—The Rev. John Merritt Hunter will assist the rector and preach at St. Luke's church on next Sunday. Services at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Services on Wednesdays in Lent at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., and on Fridays at 7:30 p. m. Services at All Saints', East Smethport, on Sundays at 2:30 p. m.

—Mrs. B. H. Scholes died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Rockwell of Kane, on Wednesday evening of last week, after a protracted illness, aged 79 years. She is survived by five children, three sons and two daughters. The deceased was a grandparent of Mrs. G. R. Brennan of this place. The funeral was held in Olean last Saturday.

—It seems like old times to see such a quantity of logs piled up along the bank of Potato creek on Mill street. Some people are surprised to learn there are so many saleable logs in this vicinity, but they are there just the same and make business for the sawmill of Holmes & Gilfillan. What a temptation it will be to the youngsters to "run them," just as we older ones did in the days of old.

—A. S. Burdick and F. C. Sartwell have formed a partnership under the firm name of Burdick & Sartwell, and will conduct a general plumbing establishment in the basement of the Mason block on Main street. They will carry a complete line of supplies, mantles, gas fixtures, etc., and both being plumbers with years of experience they will no doubt receive a large and well merited patronage. Orders left with Hagberg & Sherburne will receive prompt attention.

—The Catholic congregation have received a letter from Andrew Carnegie in which he offers to donate one-half toward the purchase of a pipe organ for the new church providing the congregation raises the other half. The congregation and pastor of St. Elizabeth's church have decided to install a $2,000 organ in the new church and have arranged to hold a fair beginning April 1st and to last one week, the proceeds of which will be used toward defraying the necessary one-half.

—The Men's Club or "Round Table," as it is to be called, met Monday night, Feb. 4th, in the parlors of the Baptist church and were very much instructed and entertained by D. C. Young, who gave the club a very interesting account of his trip to Europe. Mr. Young did not have time to get back home so he will be given another night which will be next Monday evening at 8 o'clock. The Club seems to be starting off with considerable interest and it is hoped that there will be many new faces at the next meeting.

—Mr. Christopher Howard Sauers of Allegheny and Miss Anna Margaret Donovan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rick Donovan of Kane, were united in marriage by Rev. Father Curley at the Catholic church in Kane on Wednesday morning of last week in the presence of many invited guests, including Hon. and Mrs. T. A. Morrison, Mrs. S. D. Weaver and S. E. Belt of this place. Mrs. Sauers has been a frequent visitor in this borough and has many friends who will join in wishing them both a happy and prosperous wedded life.

Two days treatment free. Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets for impaired digestion, impure breath, perfect assimulation of food, increased appetite. Do not fail to avail yourself of the above offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

YOU ARE BUYING THE WRONG HOSE OR SOX

if you don't buy

Hole-Proof Hosiery

You might as well save yourself the trouble darning hose. Holeproof Hosiery

Need No Darning.

We sell them with the binding guarantee that if a hole develops within 6 months from date of purchase—if darning is necessary—bring 'em back and get new ones free of charge. If this is not plain enough, we will gladly make it plainer, if you will kindly call.

1-2 dz. Ladies Holeproof Hose 2.00
1-2 dz. Men's Holeproof Hose 1.50

A guarantee ticket goes with every pair.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

Personal Mention.

W. V. Provin of Olean was in town yesterday.

J. H. Green of Olean was in town last Saturday.

S. L. Fry left to-day for Rochester on a business mission.

Mrs. J. H. Green of Olean is the guest of Mrs. F. C. Pierce.

Mrs. C. A. Anderson of Colegrove visited in town yesterday.

Mrs. N. C. Jeliffe of Olean is the guest of relatives in town.

J. C. Backus returned last Friday from a business trip to Chicago.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town yesterday.

Miss Margaret McNalen of Ormsby is visiting Miss Katheryn Hubbard.

Mr. and Mrs. David Morris have returned to their home in California.

Dr. F. C. Pierce arrived home to-day from a visit to his parents in Warren.

Mrs. Louis Neipling of Port Allegany is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daniels.

Mr. and Mrs. Warley Gifford passed Sunday with C. S. King and family in Port Allegany.

Mrs. S. D. Metzger is in East Hickory, Pa., called there by the serious illness of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Capehart of Coudersport are visiting Mr. Capehart's mother, Mrs. J. Colegrove.

Mrs. R. K. Russell, who had been the guest of Miss Rubin, returned to her home in Bradford last Saturday.

Miss Nellie Lounsbury of Warren is in town and will install the newly elected officers of the L. O. T. M. this evening.

County Superintendent B. S. Bayle is in Harrisburg this week attending the annual meeting of the county superintendents.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell of Parkersburg, W. Va., were visitors in town this week, while enroute to their home from North Carolina.

Mrs. John Ottoson returned last Saturday from Kane, where she had been undergoing treatment in the hospital for a stomach trouble.

Lewis Raymer was in Bradford Tuesday on a visit to his daughter who is a patient in the hospital at that place. Mr. Raymer states that her condition is improved and that she is expected home next Monday.

D. C. Young was among the grange visitors in the city Wednesday. Though one of the leading merchants and business men at the county seat he prefers to be known just as an ordinary farmer and owns as good a farm as any man in the county. He is president of the Grangers National Bank at Smethport.—Port Allegany Reporter.

College of Music.

Freeburg, Snyder county, Pa., is an ideal place to study music. $34 pays six weeks board and instruction on either piano, organ, violin, band and string instruments and singing. Terms begin May 6, June 17, July 29. For catalogue address. Henry B. Moyer.

Bradford Institute of Osteopathy

Treats all diseases and deformities. Specialties—rheumatism, asthma, liver, stomach, kidney and female troubles. Dr. McClaren is a regular graduate and one of the oldest practitioners. Will pay car fare of out of town patients. Eloskey building, Bradford, Pa.

Hogarth has a big line of cigars which he will offer at cost for three days, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday. It's a bargain.

WANTED—A first-class girl for general housework. Inquire at home of J. W. Bouton.

Bargains in boots and shoes at store of D. C. Young, to reduce stock.

Cigars at cost at Hogarth's drug store, commencing Saturday.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Tuesday, February 19.

A THEATRICAL EVENT.

HENRY B. HARRIS

Presents

The Dramatic Success of the Season

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

By CHARLES KLEIN, author of "The Music Master."

THE PRODUCTION IN ITS ENTIRETY.

2nd Year in New York 2nd Year
8 Months in Chicago 8 months
6 Months in Boston 6 Months

PRICES:

50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50

Seats on sale at Wells' Pharmacy on [illegible]

MONARCH SHIRTS
$1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS
10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

NEW WHITE GOODS.

We're ready now with the materials for your white sewing for spring.

It's to your advantage to make your selection early this year. Months ago we contracted for our season's supply at prices prevailing at that time which were considerably lower than the present quotations.

The fancy white goods, such as checks, dots, stripes and figures are all here but there is a scarcity of India Linons.

Only one-third of our order has arrived, some of every piece of course but the early buyers will fare best. You can't afford to miss these values.

India Linons 10c to 25c
Fancy White Goods 8c to 55c
Nainsooks 15c to 25c
Persian Lawns 25c to 50c
Long Cloths 10c to 17c
Nainsooks 12 yd pc. 2.25 to 2.85

White Waists $1.00 to $4.00
Feather Boas $2 to $10.50

FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Here's a Dandy.

Look at it a minute. It skims all the milk from a whole herd in just a few minutes—skims it clean and just as soon as drawn from the cows. No milk sitting around—no skimming by hand—neither pans, crocks nor cans to wash.

IT'S THE TUBULAR.

It's the Sharples Tubular Cream Separator—and it's a dandy. Notice the waist low supply can and wholly enclosed, entirely self oiling gears. A Dairy Tubular has done 24 years work without repairs and used used only 3 quarts of oil. All Tubulars are just as durable as that one. Drop in and look at it—and get a catalogue.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport, Pa.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiuing fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

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Butterick Patterns reduced to 10 and 15c. None Higher.

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Next to Postoffice.

A complete line of Stationery and Office Supplies, including Book Cases and Filing Cabinets.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Emperor and Puritan 50c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 25 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

A PLAY TO THE GALLERY.

By Cecilia A. Loizeaux.

Copyright, 1906, by May McKeon.

It had just dawned upon Philip Smart that Kate Hampton was the girl he wanted. He wondered how he could ever have hesitated or ever have had a doubt. Why, she was simply cut out for him, he thought, as he dressed with care and precision to go and tell her so.

"I should have told her months ago," he mentally argued. "She must think I'm an awful duffer," and he wondered anew that he had been such a blind fool as not to know what had been the matter with him all these months. He believed now that he had been in love with her ever since they had gone to the kindergarten and had not known it.

His heart was very light, and he was singing at the top of a lusty baritone voice, "Oh, but I love you, dear!" when there was a thump at his door and his best friend, Fred Bart, dropped in. Fred was also dressed with care and precision and accosted Philip with his customary bellow.

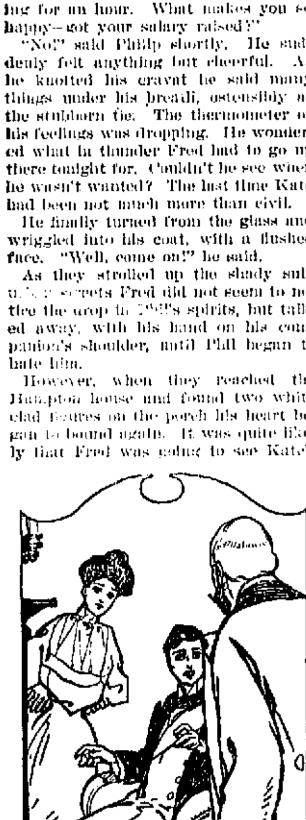
"Going up to the Hamptons'? Well, hurry up! You must have been dressing for an hour. What makes you so happy—got your salary raised?"

"No!" said Philip shortly. He suddenly felt anything but cheerful. As he knotted his cravat he said many things under his breath, ostensibly at the stubborn tie. The thermometer of his feelings was dropping. He wondered what in thunder Fred had to go up there tonight for. Couldn't he see when he wasn't wanted? The last time Kate had been not much more than civil.

He finally turned from the glass and wriggled into his coat, with a flushed face. "Well, come on!" he said.

As they strolled up the shady suburban streets Fred did not seem to notice the drop in Phil's spirits, but talked away, with his hand on his companion's shoulder, until Phil began to hate him.

However, when they reached the Hampton house and found two white clad figures on the porch his heart began to bound again. It was quite likely that Fred was going to see Kate's



HE GREETED THE YOUNG MAN CORDIALLY.

sister, Rose, who was much more his style, and doubtless in the course of the evening he could get Kate off by herself.

So the four sat on the steps and made merry, and when Phil proposed a walk Fred cordially seconded the idea, and they all got as far as the gate together. Phil thought there couldn't be a better time for telling a girl you loved her than the quiet moonlit night nor a better place than the deserted streets of a quiet suburb. But when they reached the gate Rose decided she wanted a wrap, and instead of waiting for her, as he should have done, Fred strolled on up the street with Kate, and Phil had to wait.

It wasn't a hilarious walk. Rose seemed as out of sorts as Phil, and they were both glad when they reached the gate again and could get away from each other. Phil would not accept Rose's invitation to wait on the porch until Fred and Kate came back. He didn't want to see Fred at all. But he consoled himself with the thought that very likely Kate was as disappointed as he himself, and the very next day he telephoned for permission to come up that evening. It was graciously granted, and he went down town and bought a ring, being an old fashioned lover.

The next afternoon he chanced to meet Kate on the street, and she stopped him. "By the way, bring over your banjo tonight," she said. "We'll have a little porch party, and your banjo is always so much in demand." And then he began to wonder whether it could be possible that she might not care for him. If she did, why on earth was she always getting a lot of people around when he came? Then his brow cleared. "The dear girl!" he thought. "She is afraid I will see that she cares, and it is her way of defending herself."

The porch party was jolly, and there was a good time, but Phil saw next to nothing of Kate. She was here and there and everywhere, the moving spirit of fun. Nevertheless he felt that he gained a little, for when he said good night he held her hand decidedly longer than he would have wanted another fellow to hold it, and she did not draw it back, as of course she would have done had it been another fellow.

On Saturday when he asked to take her driving she assented with a proper show of reluctance. "She knows!" he thought. When he called for her in the twilight her mother explained that she was not quite ready yet and said that a girl friend had come to town quite unexpectedly and that she and Kate had forgotten time in their chattering.

Of course the least he could do was to offer to exchange the stanhope for a surrey and ask the guest and Rose to go too.

The guest stayed two weeks, and during that time, though he tried numberless times, Phil did not get to see Kate alone. He waited as patiently as he could—there seemed to be nothing else for him to do—and hoped she would see the self sacrificing depth of his affection.

He had always known all the Hamptons and had been a frequent caller at the home. The judge liked him and his politics, which he talked to the poor fellow at all seasons. The mother admitted him to the family sitting room and darned the family stockings in his presence. The small brother, Jimmy, admitted that Phil was his equal. Advantageous as was this family friendship in some ways, it was as disadvantageous in others. If by any accident he called and found Kate apparently alone something always happened. The telephone rang and some one wanted to come over for a few minutes, or some presumptuous fool stopped in to see Rose and stayed to talk to Kate.

Phil grew sick at heart, and Kate began to seem a little cool and dignified. He felt that he must speak soon or forfeit the girl's love. She was too proud to help him a bit. One evening he rang her up and asked if he might see her alone. He had something very particular to tell her, he explained. Having gone so far, he swore by all that was holy that he would not leave the girl that night until he had proposed and had had an answer. "If the whole family comes in and stands around in a circle they can't stop me this time," he said. "I'll propose to Kate, and if they don't like it they can move. I won't."

Kate met him at the door and ushered him into the big library, where a great fire was burning on the hearth. It was warm and pleasant after the walk in the frosty air, and he settled himself in the judge's big armchair with a sigh of relief. Kate explained nervously that her father was out of town and then seemed to wait for something. Phil cleared his throat.

"Kate," he began and wondered just what he should say next. Why was it so hard when a fellow had thought of nothing else for weeks?

"Yes?" said Kate encouragingly, and then the front door slammed and in a moment more the judge entered the library. He greeted the young man cordially, sat down on the opposite side of the hearth and began to talk politics. And then Mrs. Hampton came in to see what was the matter. She had heard the front door slam and had thought the judge out of town for the night. In half an hour Rose ran in from making a call in the neighborhood and sat down to toast her toes at the fire.

They all talked comfortably, and no one seemed to notice that Philip's laugh was strained or that the flush on Kate's cheek was more than the usual healthy glow. Then the door was pushed open cautiously, and little Jim appeared in his pajamas.

"What are you all having such a good time about?" he whined as he climbed into his father's lap. "You always leave me out."

Phil's endurance reached its limit right there. He rose, with his square jaw set.

"We won't leave you out this time, Jimmy," he said. "We won't leave anybody out. Call in the kitten, please!" And then he turned to Kate, who seemed paralyzed as she realized what he was going to do.

"Kate," he said, "for weeks and weeks I've been trying every day to get you where I could tell you that I love you and ask you to be my wife. I haven't succeeded for various reasons, so I'll have to do it right here, with applause from the gallery. Will you, Kate?" He was standing over her now, and they held the tableau. The tears were running down her face, but she could not take her eyes from his. When he dropped on one knee beside the chair the family waked from its dream and departed on tiptoe, the judge dragging the reluctant Jimmy by the ear.

"Will you, Kate?" begged Philip. And then they both burst into peals of laughter, which were heard in the dining room by the discomfited family.

But there is good reason to believe that she did, for the judge has been heard to say that he considers his son-in-law the bravest man in the world.

Quite Sordid.

There was a burglar in the room. The beautiful young lady sleeping there was awakened by the flash of his lantern.

"Let us come to an understanding," she said pleasantly. "Are you the sort of burglar I have met in fiction?"

"I am not, mum," replied the visitor; "I'm the real thing. I hope that silver on your dresser is too."

"Wouldn't do any good to talk to you about your golden haired baby, then?"

"Nope."

"Got a sick wife at home?"

"Nope."

"Worthy man, driven to crime by hunger perhaps?"

"Nope. Just out from me last job."

"Well," concluded the young lady, "I'm disappointed. You're mean to disturb me, and I'm glad that's plated ware."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

San Nicolas Was Once Peopled by a Race of Indians.

AN ENIGMA OF THE PACIFIC.

On This Barren, Wave Swept Sand Dune Are Mounds of Shells and Bones and Stone Implements, Monuments of a Lost Race of Ancient People.

About eighty miles due northwest of San Pedro, in California, lies a desert island that has all the combined romance of the ages in its history. It is rarely visited and has but a single inhabitant, yet it has a peculiar fascination for many people. The very elements seem to conspire to make the place forbidden, as it almost invariably blows a gale of wind in the vicinity, and when one reaches the inhospitable island there is no bay or harbor for a craft much larger than a rowboat.

The island is about seven miles long by two or three in width and rises to a height of 800 to 1,000 feet in the center. Wind swept, forbidding, haunted by the spirits of storms, it does not invite inspection and appears to have been cursed by the elements, yet despite this the island was at one time the home of a numerous people, a race that has been lost sight of. The writer made several attempts to reach the island in a sixty ton yacht and was literally blown off, finally making it one day about noon, coming to anchor near a long, specter-like tongue of land that extends out into the ocean, where the tide ran like a mill race and a heavy ground swell swept around the point from the windward side. The island of San Nicolas appears like a sand dune. The landing was a wave swept beach that received a high swell from three points, and it was evident that skill in landing alone would make it possible.

The boat lay off, waiting for a low sea, and finally went sailing in upon one of less size, and the crew jumped overboard and held on to the boat that the undertow and back rush attempted to claim. In this manner the entire party landed, and an investigation of the island was begun. The one inhabitant, a Basque, came down to the beach. He had not heard the news of the world for a year and did not display any disposition to learn it, but he was not happy—too many dead people, too many bones that make wind spirits blow, he said, and when he heard that the party was after the remains of these dead people he showed an inclination to leave. In all probability there is not in any land a more remarkable mound to be seen. About ten feet in height and nearly a mile in length, it was at this time a veritable Golgotha, a collection of bones and implements of the lost people, ever changing, ever shifting, today exposing numbers of skeletons, tomorrow covering them up in sheets of sand.

The mound was a town site upon which hundreds of people had lived for untold ages. They had brought in their shells and fish bones, piling them up at the doors of their huts, slowly building themselves up higher and higher, until in time they came to live on the top of a vast shell mound. Here they buried their dead, concealed their household goods, and when a man or woman died his or her possessions were buried with them, and so the big mounds were made up of shells, stone implements, fish and human bones—a monument of this lost race.

Where the original islanders came from, who they were or why they lived on such a wind swept, nearly waterless island is one of the mysteries, but it is known that the mission fathers visited San Nicolas years ago and took off the few survivors found there and divided them up among the various mainland tribes. When this human loot was being carried into execution, a storm came up, and in the hurry of departure it was found that a woman had left her baby on the beach.

It was impossible to land, so the captain sailed away, but not with the mother. She had plunged into the waves and swum a long distance to the shore and with her child was deserted, the captain intending to return later for her. San Nicolas, however, was not visited for many years. The vessel was wrecked, but the legend lived, and many years after a priest decided to visit the island and learn if the woman had survived. An expedition was got up in 1850, the party making a safe landing. They formed a line across the island in order not to miss any signs of human habitation and began a slow search from the south point north. They soon found evidence of ancient occupation and in a deep canyon discovered a hut and a woman, the mother who had been deserted years before. She was living in the hut, which was made of whale ribs and sea lion hair, her sole companions being several wild dogs that savagely charged the strangers.

The woman could not make herself understood, and, singularly enough, no one in all the Indian tribes in southern California could be found who understood her. She told her discoverers by signs that the wild dogs had killed her child long ago and that she killed sea lions and sea birds with stones and lived on them.

At first she appeared to be afraid of the men; but, finding that they treated her kindly, she consented to go with them. She took all the rude articles she had used during the years of her solitude, her skin dresses, made mostly from the skins of the sea lions, and so interesting were the costumes that they were sent to Rome to the pope by the priest who instigated the rescue.

The woman was taken to Santa Barbara and named Maria, after the little vessel which accomplished her rescue. She was placed in care of a family who did everything possible for her. She was bright and vivacious in disposition, learned some Spanish, danced and sang for her friends and was visited by Indians from various parts of California in an effort to find some one who could understand her. But civilization proved too much for her, and she died in three months, one of the most remarkable Crusoes known, as her story is based on actual facts and in its details is much stronger than fiction.

The interesting mound which the writer examined on San Nicolas was formed during past centuries by the ancestors of this woman and possesses an intense interest on this account. The island near the landing was twenty or thirty feet higher than the shore and reached through singular wind worn passes, wind being the sculptor here. Once on the heights a broad mesa was seen, as level as a floor and marked with lines which resembled ancient plowing or something of the kind. The mesa was covered with fine flinty stones about the size of peas, which the herder says were picked up by the wind and blown through the air at times. They were arranged like chaff on a beach. The writer followed this mesa for several miles, and that the island had had a large and vigorous population at some distant time was evident. Every short distance some object was found, now a pipe made from the vertebrae of a fish, a needle of fish bone, a dish made from a shell, the holes plugged with asphaltum. Here would be a stone club or mortar of steatite, a spearhead or a sinker and shell hooks that some fisherman centuries ago perhaps had dropped and forgot.

Everywhere piles of big pearly shells of a size unknown here were found, telling of the lives and work of these people. One mound was found covered by the ribs of whales and beneath them a flat rock bearing marks of various kinds, and then the owner, a skeleton in perfect preservation, and all about it in the sand vessels of stone, flutes of bird bones and the various objects which went to make up the home of this unknown. In one spot six layers of skeletons were found, the lowest apparently very old. The question of age is always very interesting, but no one in contemplating these great shell deposits can form an adequate idea of their age.

The island evidently has been inhabited since the earliest times. But the elements have conspired against it, and it is doomed to be swept and covered with sand. The island is now frequented by the professional collectors, who go over from the mainland and live here for weeks and months, camping out on the sand dunes, weighting their tents down with rocks to prevent being blown into the sea. Every morning they go out, with their hooks and poles, hunting for the spoils which have been uncovered by the wind in the night. In this way tons of material have been collected here and sent all over the world.—Chicago Chronicle.

"Toffee" as Made In England.

It may be possible that there are some persons who grow old so thoroughly that they actually forget that they ever were children, says a writer in the Bohemian, but I can't help wondering if any man or woman ever lived to such an age as to become impervious to the delights of "toffee," or butterscotch, that has made Doncaster a household word to every civilized nation under the sun. Of course you have eaten it—to the joy of your soul and to the detriment of your teeth—and, if you will promise not to repeat it, I will give you the secret recipe for this candy, for it is made nowhere as in England. Take three pounds of "coffee" or "C" sugar, butter to the amount of a pound and a quarter, with half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. First dissolve the sugar in just as much cold water as may be required for that purpose, then mix all the ingredients together and boil them, without stirring the mixture, until it will snap when dropped into cold water. At this moment remove it from the fire, add eight or ten drops of lemon extract, according to its strength, and pour the mixture into well greased pans, to be cut into squares as it cools.

Patti's Burning Admirer.

Once in Italy a card was brought to Mme. Patti from a man whose name she did not know, but who was so very anxious to see her that she allowed him to be shown into her room. When the unknown came in he proved to be a little old man who was quite red and speechless with nervousness. Suddenly Patti noticed smoke rouling out of his coat, so without saying a word she seized a glass of water and threw it over him. It turned out that the old man had put his lighted cigar into his pocket when he entered the room and so had set fire to his coat. "Sir," said Mme. Patti, "I have had many admirers who professed themselves burning with admiration for me, but I have never before met one who went so far as to set himself on fire to prove it."

The First State.

A colored man entered an office in Washington and asked for a job. "Where do you come from?" the man was asked. "I's from the first state in the Union, boss; dat's where I's from," the negro said haughtily. "Oh, you're from New York, are you?" "No, sah, I's not; I's from Alabama, sah." "But Alabama is not the first state in the Union." "Alphabetically speaking, it is, boss; alphabetically speaking, it is."—Kansas City Star.

He Took a Hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Stockson Bonds are inveterate bridge whist players, and their home is the meeting place of bridge players of all grades. On one evening in every week they are "at home" to any of their friends who wish to play, and on other evenings they entertain parties of their own selection for games which range from a cent a point to a much higher figure. Recently, long after the house had been closed, a noise was heard downstairs, and, regardless of his wife's protests, Stockson Bonds went below to ascertain the cause. The noise continued and grew louder, but no answer came to the wife's calls from above. She became alarmed, opened the window, saw a policeman, and he made a rush for the basement door. A few minutes later the husband appeared before his panic stricken wife and told her he had found the servants playing bridge and wrangling over the propriety of a certain play.

"Did you send the whole party away?" asked the wife.

"Why, no. I took a hand and decided the question before I realized where I was."—New York Tribune.

He Held On.

"In a town back in Vermont one time," said a doctor, "a big, husky lumberman entered the office of a dentist I knew and showed the doctor a bad tooth. The dentist decided that the tooth should be pulled.

"'All right,' said the lumberman. 'But listen now. If I tell you to stop, you stop pulling or I'll beat you up.'

"The dentist agreed, and the lumberman got in the chair. The dentist took hold of the tooth and began pulling. Almost immediately the lumberman yelled, 'Hold on!'

"The dentist continued to pull. 'Hold on!' yelled the lumberman. The dentist kept pulling, and the tooth came out. Then the lumberman jumped from the chair mad.

"'Why didn't you stop when I told you to?' he asked fiercely.

"'You didn't tell me to stop,' said the dentist.

"'I did too! I yelled "Hold on!" twice.'

"'Oh,' said the dentist innocently. 'I thought you meant to keep hold of it.'

"The lumberman believed him and cooled off."—Denver Post.

Agility of Hares and Rabbits.

Interesting figures on the relative agility of hares and rabbits are given in a volume by J. G. Millais. "When running at ease," he says, "the length of the hare's stride is about four feet, but under conditions of fear its leaps extend to ten and twelve feet, while some authors claim that it can jump fen ditches twenty to twenty-five feet in width. Perpendicularly a hare can jump on to a five foot wall, but seems to be nonplused by one about six feet. The stride of the rabbit is about two feet. When necessary it can make leaps of six or seven feet horizontally. About three feet is the highest that a rabbit can attain to even when helped by the asperities of a stone wall." Mr. Millais tells how rabbits swim—when compelled to: "They swim with the head held as high as possible, while the hocks of the hind legs appear above the element at each stroke. The shoulders and front part of the body are buried beneath the water, while the rump and tail are high and dry."

Tyranny of Clothes.

Place a man in a silk hat and frock coat and transport him to a farmyard. Agricultural pursuits may be the one passion of his life, but clad in these garments he feels in such surroundings miserable, out of place, essentially urban. Clothe him, conversely, in flannels or knickers and place him in a church, and it is utterly impossible for him to assume a fittingly devotional frame of mind. Unlimited autocracy itself cannot impose such tyrannies on the subject. Civilization is the slave of its clothes, and there is no prospect of freedom. — London Graphic.

The Juice of the Grape.

The Arabs say that when the first grapevine was planted the demon Iblis sacrificed a peacock on the spot where the plant was set. As soon as it began to sprout forth he sacrificed an ape over it. When the grapes began to appear he slaughtered a lion, and when these were ripe he offered up a pig; hence it is that he who drinks wine feels at first as proud as a peacock and becomes subsequently as tricksome as an ape, as bold as a lion and at length as stupid as a swine.

Catarrh

To prove unquestionably, and beyond any doubt, that Catarrh of the nose and throat can be cured, I am furnishing patients through druggists, small free Trial Boxes of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure. I do this because I am so certain, that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring actual substantial help. Nothing certainly, is so convincing as a physical test of any article of real, genuine merit. But that article must possess true merit, else the test will condemn, rather than advance it. Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure is a snow white, healing antiseptic balm, put up in beautiful nickel capped glass jars at 50c. Such soothing agents as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a velvety, cream like Petrolatum, imported by Dr. Shoop from Europe. If Catarrh of the nose and throat has extended to the stomach, then by all means also use internally, Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Stomach distress, a lack of general strength, bloating, belching, biliousness, bad taste, etc. surely call for Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

For uncomplicated catarrh only of the nose and throat nothing else, however, need be used but

Dr. Shoop's
Catarrh Cure
(ALL DEALERS)

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific
and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of
teeth. Over 25
years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herrmann, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Denning.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. B. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. PARRR, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies' Aid society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. [illegible] Missionary Circle meets the second [illegible] evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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